

- Q. What is good for my cough? A. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
- Q. How long has it been used?
- A. Seventy years.
- Q. Do doctors endorse it?
- A. If not, we would not make it. Q. Do you publish the formula?
- A. Yes. On every bottle.
- Q. Any alcohol in it?
- A. Not a single drop.
- Q. How may Hearn more of this? A. Ask your doctor. He knows.

Ayer's Cherry Pactoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. April & Ga., Lowell, Gam., H. S.

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT, FIRST Circuit, Territory of Hawaii.-In Probate. At Chambers. Number 1669. In him as Mrs. Cremer. the matter of the Estate of Henry Waterhouse, late of Honolulu, Oahu, moments put the forty horsepower T. H., deceased. On reading and filing Gloria on fourth speed, throttling her the petition and accounts of William down to a pace within reason.

Waterhouse and Albert Waterhouse. "There! Aren't you proud of your executors of the Will of Henry Wa-terbouse, deceased, wherein petitioners "Very proud," answered Loveland. suk to be allowed \$134.499.94 and charged with \$134,490.04, and ask that to get on without much more teaching the same be examined and approved, from a real expert?" and that a final order be made of distribution of the remaining property to charging petitioners from all further this without danger"responsibility therein: It is Ordered. that MONDAY, the 19th day of JULY, at 10 o'clock a. m., before the Judge presiding at Chambers of said Court at his courtroom in the Judiciary you care for most sitting beside you Building, in Honolulu, City and County where I sit now? Oh, I ought to beg of Honolulu, be and the same hereby is appointed the time and place for hearing said petition and accounts, and I were once friends, not employer and that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the same should morning that you're leading up to say not be granted, and may present ovidence as to who are entitled to the said property. Dated at Honolulu, this 2nd A. THOMPSON, Clerk, Circuit Court First Circuit. Smith, Warren & Hemenway, attorneys for petitioners, Judd

4945-June 3, 10, 17, 24.

CORPORATION NOTICES.

HALAWA PLANTATION, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that a special general meeting of the stockholders of Halawa Plantation, Limited, wit be held at the offices of the company Kohala, County and Territory of Hawall, on Thursday, the 22nd day of June, 1911, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of considering an increase the capital of the company, and fe

Dated this 1st day of June, 1911.

Secretary. 4945-June 3, 10, 17,

AUDIT COMPANY OF she didn't mean to hurt his feelings. Being genuinely sorry for the effect HAWAII

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Lord Loveland Discovers **America**

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

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(Continued from Last Saturday.)

"What an alarming confession from one's chauffour! Ob, and that chicken -you nearly ran over it! I believe your nerves must be a little 'jumpy' too. I think I could drive almost as well as

"I deserve to be scolded," said Love-"I'm afraid I was absentmind ed for an instant, though the chicken didn't seem worried about itself."

"Kentucky chickens never are. They're so high spirited. Take care of that buby pig. Mr. Gordon! I think I will drive for awhile after all, if you don't mind."

"Delighted," said Loveland in a nood to rejoice if the girl upset the car and killed them both, because it would be so much more agreeable to go out of the world with her than to remain in it while she became lost to

She began cautiously, but in a few

"And do you think I should be able

"Oh, yes. With a decent sort of chauffeur to do your repairs you can the persons thereto entitled and dis- drive the car through country like

"Unless I get absentminded."

"Yes, unless you get absentminded. But why should you be absentminded when so soon you'll have the person your pardon for saying such things, Miss Dearmer! But, you see, you and servant, so I forget myself sometimes. And, besides, I can't help thinking this it a little difficult to say. Yet why should it be difficult for you to tell me June, 1911. By the Court: J. if you've heard that Mr. Cremer is coming at once and bringing another

"My telegram didn't say that, but it made me feel that I shan't be able to seep you very long at the Hill Farm," said Lesley.

Cope was the elaborate scheme fo staying on at any cost. She wanted him to go. She was hinting for him to go.

"I can leave whenever you like to get rid of me," returned Val, his tone roughened, made almost brutal, by his effort to hide the sharp pain he suf-

"Oh, don't think I feel like thatf" exclaimed Lesley engerly-so engerly that in her excitement she did the very thing she had reproached Loveland for doing. She forgot that a person controlling a powerful motorcar is ill advised to be in earnest about anything except the business in band.

They were approaching a somewhat abrupt turn in the road at the moment her words produced, she did not realize until too late that the corner would expect her to slow down before turning it. She tried to make up for her mistake by a feat of accurate steering. but the task was beyond her powers. The big Gloria swung round the curve on two wheels, refused to take the new direction and bounded gayly off the road, across a ditch and into a

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON. HE next thing that Loveland knew he was sitting in a bog, which feit quite soft and comfortable—so comfortable that be at first believed himself to be in bed, waking out of a bad dream. Then with a thish be remembered all that had happened and scrambled up in a

cold sweat of fear for Lesley.
A cataract of sparks which showered before his eyes dimmed his sight at first, but in a moment he saw a slight gray clad figure lying on the ground not far away.

"Lesley!" be cried. "Lesley!" But she neither stirred nor an-

swered. Down he dropped on both knees beside her and raised her upon his arm. Her eyes were closed, and through the chiffon veil he could see the long

lashes dark on the pallor of her cheeks. The ground where she lay was spongy after a day of heavy rain. which had soaked through the thick carpet of dead grass deeply into the The girl's position was easy, giving Loveland the hope that no bones were broken, and there was no stain of blood on the white face or the soft brown hair. But she lay very still. There was no flutter of

the eyelashes, no faint gasping for

dead, Loveland's memory refused the barrier between them. He was conscious only of his love for her

"Dearest-precious one-darling!" he entled her. "For God's sake, wake up! Spenk to me-only speak to me! I love

Instantly she opened her eyes wide, shivering a little in his arms, and lookthen smiling as a woman might who wakes to find blm near

"Thank God you're not dead!" be

"You-you're not much burt?" "Not at all, and if I were it wouldn't satter," Loveland assured her ferventy. "If only I hadn't let you drive or if I hadn't talked to you! It's all my auit. What shall I do if you're in-

"I-I'm all right and-and rather happy," whispered Lesiey. "I don't think anything's the matter at all, exept a little shock."

"Let me lift you up for a minute, so that we can make sure whether you are hurt," said Val. "I'll do it so gen-

"No. I'd rather lie still, just as I "Would you be more comfortable if

laid your head on the ground?" "No; keep it on your arm, please, I like it there. I feel as if I'd been dreaming," she murmured on. dreamed that you-that you called me your darling; that you said you loved

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Leveland. I couldn't help it. I was half mad." "Then it wasn't a dream?"

"No; it wasn't a dream," he conessed. "Even though you think me an mpostor you can't believe me a whol-



v unredeemed viliain or you wouldn' save taken me into your house, for charity's sake though it was. So you nust know now that you've nothing to tear from my love."

"Is it real love-tell me?" she asked, her head nestling comfortably against

grown to be the whole of me," Love-land broke out. "Nothing else matters. That's why I should have had to kill myself if you'd been hurt-orbut I can't speak of it. Thank God, you're alive and not injured. Yes, that's enough for me—it's got to be enough, and I ought to be happy though you're going to belong to another man."

"You wouldn't have wanted to marry me, anyway," said Lesley.
"I wouldn't have wanted to—when

it's the thing I'd give all but one year of my life for—the one year I'd keep to be happy in with you."

"Just a poor little humble story writer, and you would really like to

"Don't torture me," said Loveland T've had about all I can stand. If I were the impostor you think me"-

"I don't think you an impostor," replied Lesley, beginning to speak in quite a natural tone of voice again, though she kept the support of Loveonly asked you once why I should have more faith in you than others had. But I'd be rendy to take you on faith if you were ready to take me without a fortune."

The blood rushed to Loveland's face, which had been pale and drawn. "Is it true-do you mean it?" he stammered. "Do you care for me a little?" "A great deal," said Lesley, "too

much, I used to think on the ship, but I don't think so now, because you're different. It's the real you I loved all the time. The miracle's happened, you know. I'm seeing the other side of the moon. But wouldn't it be doing you an injury to marry you when you and your family counted on a great heiress?"

"It was the other me who hadn't the sense to see what a beastly, caddish thing it would be to marry a girl just because she was rich-a girl I didn't love," Val hurried on. "Oh. Lesley, you're not playing with me. are you? I couldn't marry any other woman but you."

"What about the old family home that's tumbling to ruln?"

"It will have to tumble." "And your family?"

"There's only my mother, and what the wants most is my happiness. love for you has somehow shown me how to appreciate her more. Lesley, what about Sidney Cremer? Do you care enough for me-a man

you say you're 'taking on faith'-to give up all Cremer's money and to throw him over for my sake?" "I can't throw him over."

Then how can we be married?" "And I can't give up his money," she

"Lesley, have you raised me up only to let me fall deeper into the pit than "We both fell into the pit together,

lidn't me?" she said, laughing a littie. "If you go deeper I'll go deeper two, for we're going to stand or fall

"Then what do you mean?" asked Val. "You'll have to send one of us away-me or Sidney Cremer." "Let me sit up and we'll talk it

over," said Lesley, with a qualit cheerfulness and matter-of-fact-ness that utterly bewildered Loveland. feel so well and so happy now that I believe I can find my way out of any entanglement so long as we go hand in hand." Val, resting on one knee, took the

little gray mitten that she held out to him and pressed the hand in it. But there was bitterness in his voice as he answered: "This is an entanglement that you'll find no way out of. You can't keep us both,"

"You don't trust me," Lesley re-proached him. "Just walt before deciding to give me up until we've thoroughly thrushed things out, beginning at the beginning and going right on to

"I shan't decide to give you up. Nothing can make me do that now," Loveland said. "It's Cremer who'll have to go to the wall."

Lesley laughed. "Like his motor. Poor, poor car! I'm sorry for it, but it hasn't sacrificed itself in vain. I was beginning to wonder how on earth to bring all this about. That was what kept me awake last night, if I'm to tell the whole truth. It had to come some way, and it had to come soon. Well, Sidney's motorcar has solved the difficulty, and Sidney will be giad, for my happiness is the same to him as his own. And now I've gone so far I may as well confess that from the very minute I saw you play Lord Bob in that dingy little hall at Ashville I hoped-oh, but hoped more than any-thing that you would ask me to marry you! Please, please, don't be shocked, but I invited you to come here just

"Yet you were engaged to Sidney Cremer," he said, half to himself.

"I was bound to Sidney just as I am now and just as I have been for the last three years. And I wasn't tired of him then, not a bit, and I'm not even at this minute. But I love you—the real you."
"Darling!" exclaimed Loveland. Yet

he marveled at her. This was a phase of the girl's character-ber true and loss to understand.

"You were very cold to me that night at Ashville," he ventured to say.

"I was trying you. I wasn't quite ure, you see, which side of the moon was looking at, and if, after all, it was only the same old side I didn't want to let myself be dazzled by it, as couldn't help being at first. I was in ove with you on the boat, even when I laughed at your talk of love. I felt more like crying than laughing, though, because the sort of love you gave me n return for mine wasn't worth my

"Heaven knows it," Val admitted

"But I'm delighted that Sidney's motor jumped over conventionalities incar, and you leaped, too, and everythe rest of our lives." "I don't quite see how if you're not

fired of Cremer," said Loveland. "Don't be jealous of Sidney any more. I liked making you a little jealous of him at first-after I saw h

you felt. It was fun for me, and I thought it was good for you. But now it's different. I'm sure-sure-about he other side of the moon, and I want you to be as happy as I am. Oh, don't speak yet! I must go on a little fur-ther. You know, I told you I had a telegram this morning?"

"Well, you thought it was from Sidney Cremer, and I didn't contradict. Lots of things you've thought lately I let you go on thinking without contradicting. The telegram was from little Facny Milton-about you." "About me?"

"She knew from a journalist who is a friend of hers that you'd come to this part of the country with a theatrical troupe, and they'd found out that the actors were playing pieces of Sidney Cremer's at Ashville. They talked it over together-Fanny and this Mr. Kidd. He wanted to know for his pa-per's sake where you'd disappeared to when the company broke up. evening he suggested that she should elegraph to me. They both thought I might have heard about you. So that's why I felt that you wouldn't be stop-

ping on as my chauffeur very long."
"Did Miss Milton say in the telegram that New York had discovered its mistake about me?

"No; she didn't say that, though it was a long telegram. I expect she thought I would have seen the news-papers. Well, I haven't. But I can put two and two together quite nicely, and I was sure that you'd come into your own again with the great Ameri-

ganny Million's SEP. 712 ing to wager all the profits of Sidney Cremer's next play or novel, if I had them, that you can now go back, if you like, and get without any difficulty the helress you came across the water

"I'm sick of the very word helress," protested Loveland, with complete sin

cerity.
'That's the new you. And what a very new you it is when one comes to think of it—only a few weeks old! But it's the only real one. The other was a shell, which has broken."

You broke it," said Val. "I cracked it a fittle maybe on the bont, but it took a big hammer to smash it, and now I've swept all the fragments away. There's just the real you and the real me in the world, with me wonderful light from the other side of the moon shining on us two-and

"Oh, Sidney Cremer!" cried Love and. "He still stands between us." "No, he doesn't. If you love m

cause Sidney one, and his moncause I carn it. joy it too! Have for three whole of a sudden from girl, dependent on Aunt Barbara, I waked up to find myself a rich in your meaning of the

enough to line

eastle walls with

gold and diatle things for an old Kentucky farm-house and perhaps even to help fe-store ancient British strongholds if the lord of them and of my heart will give me so much happiness."

"You-you are Sidney Cremer?" Loveland could only stammer the ords stupidly.

"Yes. Are you so surprised that I'm elever enough to make a success with my brain and my pen? I often wondered when you'd begin to suspect, but you never did. And I was wondering, too, whether Sidney Cremer would have to propose to you in the end. It's been great fun keeping my secret from the world, never letting any one know the real truth except nuntle and the Ashville cousins, though Fanny Milton and lots of other acjunintances thought I was a friend of Sidney Cremer-perhaps even a poor efation of his. But the most fun of all has been keeping the secret from you till the time was ripe to tell. Do you remember saying the other day, Sidney Cremer is everything? I told you I'd remind you of that some time and ask if you could say it again. Can

"Sidney Cremer is everything." re-pented Loveland, whereupon Lesley rave one of her little soft, cooing sighs

and let him take her into his arms. Quite possibly a beggy field with no shelter save a motorcar lying rakishly on one side was a queer place for an engagement between a young English marquis and a celebrated American novelist-playwright. But for Lesley and Loveland it was perfect. Sidney Cremer's vivid fancy had never created a more enchanting scene for the lovemaking of hero and heroine. And, hongh, if there had been an audience, it would have seen the stage lit up only with pale rays of wintry sunshine, for the girl and the man it was illumined with ineffable light from the other side of the moon. THE END.

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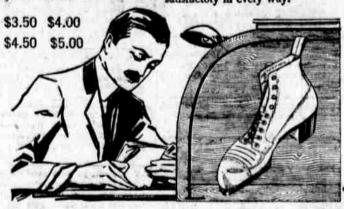
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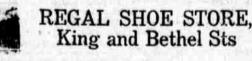
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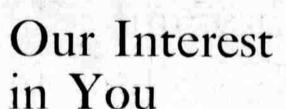
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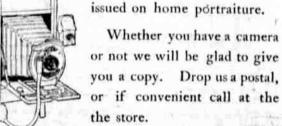




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